Memories

1875-1895



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ARTHUR
RICHARD
DAVID
PAUL
GRANT

These Five
In the Order Named
Suggested This
Screed and Booklet.

On Their Shoulders
Rests the
Responsibility.

APPENINGS here and there along the Trail, or "The World went very Well then." A VICTORIAN Tale gleaned from Memories and Told for the Edification of Fellow

Typophiles

 $\frac{By}{Wb}$



Pasadena

1949



1885

Will Bradley





In the Days of the Wooden Indian Being a few Brief Bits of Ancient History.

Baltimore street in Lynn. Miss Parrot is the teacher—a dear! You are six years old; next month you will be seven. The blackboard is covered with chalk drawings: sailboats, steamboats, ferryboats, trains of cars, houses, people and animals. You are the artist. Your mamma, with other mammas, is sitting on the platform, proud of her Willie—who is probably plenty proud of himself.

Lynn is a shoe town. This is 1875. Most of the work is done by hand. The employees are all natives—Universalists and Unitarians, probably. Many women work at home, binding uppers and tongues of high, lace shoes. You have a little express wagon. You carry finished work back to the factories and return with a supply of unfinished. For each trip you are paid five cents. With your savings you buy a printing press. It is the kind you place on a table and slap with the palm of your hand. In business offices it is used to stamp date lines. Your father is

drawing cartoons for a Lynn daily—perhaps the *Daily Item*. He brings you a box of pi. When you succeed in finding a few letters of the same font you file them to fit the type slot in the press.

Your father is ill, an aftermath of the Civil War. You have moved to the section called Swanscott. This is too far away for you to attend the school to which your class has gone. Your mother goes out every day to do dressmaking. A playmate takes you to his school. But most of the time you remain at home with your father. He tells you he hasn't long to live, says you have been a good boy and that when you grow up you will want to be an artist and there will be no money for your education. He gives you much fine advice which you never forget. Then he sends you out to play. You go to Fisherman's beach and watch the fishermen take lobsters out of the boiling pot. They give you the little ones the law forbids selling. You crack them on a rock, and have a feast. Sunday mornings, or occasionally on a Saturday night, you go to the baker's and get your warm pot of baked beans and buy a loaf of brown-bread-always an event of delicious anticipation. Between meals, when you are hungry, there is often a cold cod-fish cake to be found in the pantry.

You are on the "Narrow Gage" on your way to Boston. You are sucking a "picklelime," always found in glass jars at the candy counter of every railroad and ferry waiting room. It will be made to last until you reach Boston and are at the Park street corner of the Common watching the Punch and Judy show while your mother is shop-

ping. At noon you sit in a booth and eat clam chowder at a restaurant on Corn Hill. After the meal your mother takes you to a wholesale house where she has a friend. Here you are bought a suit of clothes.

"But isn't it too big, Mamma?"

"Yes, dear; but children grow very fast and soon it will fit you—and Mamma can't afford to buy you a new suit every year."



And now you are on your way to Northern Michigan, where your mother has a sister whose husband is paymaster at the Lake Superior Iron Mine. En route you stop at Providence where you are intrigued by the teams of twenty or more horses that pull freight cars through the down-town districts. You think it would be fine to be a teamster. At Thompsonville, Connecticut, you go to school for a few weeks. On circus day you are allowed to have a vacation. You ride a pony in the parade and ask your mother if you can't join the circus and ride in the parades every day.

It is your first day in the little mining town of Ishpeming. You are standing in the middle of the road watching children going home from school; the girls giggle, the boys laugh at the new boy in a too-big suit. One little girl has cute pigtails. You like her. You are now quite grown up, nearly ten. At a Sunday-school picnic you tell the little girl you are someday going back to Boston and learn to be an artist. You ask her to wait for you. She promises. With this important problem settled you can now give all of your attention to the question of how you are to get an art education.

In the fall you go to school and somehow manage to pull through. Your uncle and aunt go for a visit "back East." Your mother keeps house for your cousins. Every night when you go to bed you kneel down and ask God to tell your uncle to bring you a printing press, the kind with a lever, like the ones shown in the Youth's Companion. Your uncle brings you an Ingersoll dollar watch.

It is your second year in school. You now have a step-father. He is a fine man and you like him and he likes you—but of course you can't expect him to pay for your art education. You are having trouble with arithmetic—something in division. Teacher says, "Take your books and go home, Willie, and remain until you have the correct answer."

You don't like arithmetic, anyway.

"Mother," you ask, "may I go to work and earn money so I can learn to be an artist?"

Your mother is troubled. Finally she says, "Perhaps it will be for the best. I hope so."

You go to the office of the *Iron Agitator*, that later became *Iron Ore*. George A. Newett is the owner and editor. This is the George A. Newett and the newspaper that were later sued for libel by Theodore Roosevelt. The trial took place in Marquette, Michigan, and Mr. Roosevelt won a verdict of six cents.

You are put to work washing-up a Gordon. Then you receive your first lesson in feeding. There is power, a small engine mounted on an upright boiler, for the newspaper press. The two jobbers are kicked. Having half an hour of leisure you learn the lay of a lower case beside the

window—where you can proudly wave to the schoolchildren as they are going home to their noon meal. You are now a working man—wages three dollars a week.



Country newspaper shops train and use local help for straight matter. For job work, ads and presswork they depend upon itinerant job printers, who seldom remain as long as six months in any one town. When the *Iron Ore* job printer leaves you are sorry. He has been a kind and patient teacher. You are now twelve. Mr. Newett employs a new devil and you set jobs, advertising display, make up the paper and are responsible for all presswork. Your wages are increased to six dollars a week. When the motor power fails, as it does frequently, you go out on the street and employ off-shift miners to operate the press by means of a crank attached to the flywheel.

At this early date the print shop is above a saloon and in one corner of a big barn of a room that had been a lodge hall. In winter it is heated (?) with one stove. You go to work at seven and quit at six. The outside temperature is below zero. You and your devil forage in the snowdrifts of the alley back of the building and "borrow" packing boxes to get kindling for the stove and boiler.

The *Peninsula Record*, across the street, is a four page tabloid. It is printed one page at a time on a large Gordon. The owner and editor is John D. West. He offers you eight dollars a week. You are not that important to Mr. Newett—and the extra two dollars will enable you to begin saving after paying board and buying your clothes.

In a few months *Iron Ore* moves into a new store-building. You are now thirteen and Mr. Newett offers you ten dollars a week and the acknowledged position of job printer. At fourteen this wage is increased to twelve. At fifteen you are spoken of as foreman and are receiving fifteen a week—in '85 a man's wages.

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His is the early Eighties. Small towns such as Ishpeming are "easy pickings" for traveling fakirs. Their advance is always heralded by the exchanges. They clean up at the expense of local merchants. All editors warn them to keep away. Iron Ore print shop is on the ground floor. The editor's sanctum is at the front. His desk is at the big window. It is nearly nine o'clock on a Friday night-"makeup" time. Mr. Newett has written his last sheets of copy and is reading proof. At the corner of Main and Division, diagonally across from the office, a fakir is selling soap. In one wrapper he pretends to place a five dollar bill-a version of the "old army game." He is standing in a market wagon and has a companion who strums a guitar and sings. Attached to an upright and above his head is a kerosene flare. Mr. Newett walks leisurely to where there are several guns and fishing rods in a corner. He is an inveterate sportsman in a land where game, deer and fish, is plentiful. Selecting a rifle he walks

to the door and casually puts a bullet through the kerosene tank, then returns to his proof reading. Thoroughly likeable, this pioneer editor—a fine boss, a true friend!

You and a compositor now have control of the town bill posting. When there is no theatre paper or patent medicine ads to put up you cover the boards with blank newsprint and letter and picture advertisements for the stores, or what you will.

You are sixteen, almost seventeen. A sheet of newsprint is tacked on the printing-office wall and, using marking ink and a brush, you are picturing and lettering a masquerade poster for the roller rink.

"Who is this young artist?"

The speaker is Frank Bromley, a well-known landscape painter from Chicago.

You tell him about your father and that you are going back to Boston to study art. He suggests your stopping off in Chicago to see him. Says he can perhaps help you.



You are nearly seventeen and already you have saved more than fifty dollars. By the early fall you have four twenty-dollar gold pieces under your socks in the top till of your trunk. Wages are always paid in gold and silver. You are now ready to start for Chicago. Two weeks later you are on your way.

The artist has a studio near the McVickar Theatre on Madison street. It is the typical atelier of the Victorian Eighties: oriental drapes, screens and pottery. Jules Guerin, then an art student and later a contributor to Century, Harper's and Scribner's, is clearing up and tidying for the day.

Mr. Bromley takes you to Lyon & Healy. Yes, Mr. Lyon, or maybe it was Mr. Healy, can start you as an apprentice. However, a young man beginning a career should be most-careful in making his selection. You have been careful. You want to be an artist. But the business of Lyon & Healy is musical instruments, not art.

Next morning you are introduced to Mr. Rand, or Mr. McNally. A Mr. Martin then sends you upstairs, a couple of flights, to Mr. Robinson in the designing and engraving department. Beginners do not receive any pay, but you are put to work at a long table facing a row of windows and with yards and yards of unbleached cotton-cloth stretched on a wire at your back. You are now learning to cut tints—under the erroneous impression that designers and illustrators engrave their own blocks.

Mr. Bromley has found a room for you at the home of a friend, an art dealer. It is at Vincennes ave. and Fiftyninth street. You walk to and from Rand McNally's, located on Monroe street, dreaming happily.

One morning, after a few weeks of getting nowhere, for you are no master of tint-cutting, it percolates through your skull that inasmuch as wood engravers never seem to be doing any designing probably designers never do any engraving.

A momentous discovery, this, for you have broken into your last twenty-dollar gold piece—as a matter of fact there is just about enough left to pay for taking your trunk to the depot and to buy a second-class ticket back to that print shop in Northern Michigan.



"Sometime, if you care to come back," states Mr. Robinson, in a letter which must have been written immediately after your departure, "and if you will remain half an hour later in the evening and sweep out, and come in a half hour earlier in the morning and dust, Rand McNally will pay you three dollars a week."

A FEW months later, when you have just turned into your eighteenth year and have saved sixty dollars, three twenty-dollar gold pieces, it is time to return to Chicago. You tell Mr. Newett. He wishes you well and says that if you care to remain with *Iron Ore* he will take you into partnership when you are twenty. This is a big temptation. You admire and like your boss. He is a grand person—your idol. Saying good-bye involves a wrench.

You are now back with R. M., staying half an hour at night and getting to work a half hour earlier in the morning and all is well with the world.

At the time of your first visit to Chicago line photoengraving was not even a whisper, and half-tones were not even dreams. On your second visit, pen drawings are beginning to receive direct reproduction.

FOLDING machines are unknown; and in a large loft, at long tables, dozens upon dozens of girls are hand-folding railroad timetables. This loft is on a level with the designing department. Between the two there is a brick wall through which, about two feet up from the floor, has been cut an opening in which there is a heavy, tin-covered sliding door. When you take 14x22 metal plates down to the foundry to be routed—by someone else, for you don't like machine-you pass through this loft, between the girl-adorned tables. You, in turn, are adorned with the side-whiskers known as mutton-chops-trying to look older than your years. Also, in accord with the custom of the times, you wear tight-fitting pants. One day, in returning from the foundry with a metal plate on your shoulder, you pull back the sliding door and when you lift one leg to step through the opening the pants rip where the cloth is tightest. On another occasion when again carrying a plate on your shoulder your jacketpocket catches on a key at the end of a paper-cutter shaft and the shoddy that had once proved so disastrous in your pants now probably averts a serious accident.

Web presses and automatic feeders are also absent. In the basement at Rand McNally's there is a battery of drum-cylinders printing James S. Kirk "American Family Soap" wrappers. The stock is thin, red-glazed paper, and the sheets a double 24x36, or perhaps even larger. You

marvel at the skill with which boys do the feeding; but even greater is your wonder at the hand-jogging and cutting of these slippery and flimsy sheets.

Invitations are sent out for an inspection of the composing-room of the Chicago Herald, newly equipped throughout with Hamilton labor-saving furniture. You attend. Compositors are sticking type for the next edition. A little later the Herald places on display its first web press. This showing is in a ground-floor room, a step or two down from the street, next door to the Chicago Opera House, where Kiralphry's Black Crook is now playing and Eddie Foy is putting audiences in "stitches." The press is a single unit standing in a shallow pit surrounded by a brass rail.



Comes now the winter. It is a Saturday. You are at the home of your boss. He has invited you to spend the afternoon learning how to paint. His easel is set up in the basement dining room. He is talking to you about religion, gravely concerned at learning you sometimes attend the Universalist church. He believes you to be a heathen and suggests that you become converted and join a fundamentalist church—says that as long as you remain outside the fold and thus are not a Christian he cannot be interested in helping you become an artist.

The dear man! He wants so much to save your soul. Meanwhile, his good wife is laying the table for their evening meal. Her smile is motherly. Maybe she has guessed you were counting the plates. Pleasant odors come from the kitchen. Our gracious host brings your coat, helps you put it on, hands you your hat, opens the door and you step out into a Chicago snowstorm.

At this point the script calls for slow music and heart-rending sobs—another Kate Claxton in the Two Orphans. Alas for melodrama! This is a beautiful snowstorm. The evening is mild and the flakes are big. They sail lazily through the amber light of the street lamps, feather the bare branches of trees that print a fantastic pattern against the red-brick housefronts. The drifts must be at least an inch deep. And tomorrow . . . tomorrow, you will, as always happens on Sunday, go to a restaurant on Clark street where you will be served two pork tenderloins, flanked by a mound of mashed potatoes topped with gravy, and one other vegetable, and supplemented by bread and butter and a cup of coffee—all for twenty cents. Joy bells ringing!

A COUPLE of weeks later you are standing at a case in the printing plant of Knight & Leonard. Mr. Leonard happens to be passing. He stops and glances at your galley, type arrangement for a catalog cover. He is interested and asks where you learned job composition. In one graphically condensed paragraph, dramatically composed, for it has been prepared in advance in anticipation of this much wished-for opportunity, you tell the story of your life—and make a momentous proposition.

The next morning you are seated at a flat-top desk in the second-floor office. You have your drawing material and are designing a booklet cover for the stationery department of A. C. McClurg. It is understood that when orders for drawings fail you will fill in by setting type.

Now you are, at nineteen, a full-fledged designer and working at a window opposite Spalding's. On playing days you watch Pop Anson and his bewhiskered team enter a barge and depart for the ball park.

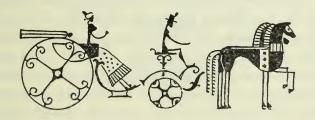
One day a young man appears at K. & L.'s with proofs of halftone engravings. He has been with the Mathews Northrup Press in Buffalo, where he had learned the process. He is now starting an engraving plant in Chicago. K. & L. print some specimen sheets on coated paper. These are probably the first halftones ever engraved in Chicago, also the first printing of halftones. K. & L. are Chicago's leading commercial printers, quality considered. Mr. Knight is a retired Board of Trade operator. Mr. Leonard is the practical printer. He is also the father of Lillian Russell. Once, when she is appearing in Chicago, Miss Russell visits at the office. You are thrilled.

A man, trained in Germany, grinds ink for K. & L. He is located on the floor above the office. You occasionally visit him. He gives you much good advice. The *Inter Ocean*, located on the next corner, installs a color press. The K. & L. ink expert helps get out the first edition.

For two years or more you occupy that desk and never again see the composing room. During this period, while receiving twenty-four a week, you marry that young lady of your ten-year-old romance.

The J. M. W. Jeffery Co., show printers, is turning out some swell posters designed by Will Crane. They are printed from woodblocks and are wonders. An artist by the name of Frank Getty is designing labels in the Chicago sales-office of the Crump Label Co. They are a glorious departure from the conventional truck of the label lithographers. Joe Lyendecker is designing covers in color for paper bound novels. They are gorgeous. There are no art magazines or other publications helpful to designers. You, like others, have a scrap-book made up of booklet covers, cards and other forms of advertising. A designer by the name of Bridwell is doing some thrilling work for Mathews Northrup in Buffalo, a concern that is setting a stiff pace for other railroad printers. Abbey, Parsons, Smedley, Frost and Pennell, and Charles Graham in Harper's Weekly, are models for all illustrators. Some of the leading painters are working on the panoramas—Battle of Gettysburg and others. They are well paid and happy. Eugene Field, Francis Wilson, when in town, Irving Way and others of their ilk meet in Mr. Millard's rare book department at A. C. McClurg's-the "Amen" corner. You are now free-lancing and making designs for Mr. Kasten of the McClurg stationery department. He and Mr. Millard find an excuse to permit of your hanging around on the edges of these bookish gatherings. George Ade is writing a column for the News. John McCutcheon, who is one day to become Theodore Roosevelt's favorite cartoonist, is just beginning his newspaper career. At the Press Club you meet Stanley Weyman, Opie Reed, Ben King, Peter Finley Dunne, Nixon Waterman, and a few other newspaper notables. Soon you are to know and enjoy the friendship of Harriet Monroe.

You now have a studio in the new Caxton building on Dearborn street. You work all of one day and night and part of the next day on some drawings for Mr. Kasten. He comes to get them at four o'clock on the afternoon before Christmas. You haven't eaten since the previous night. He takes you and your drawings in a cab and stops at a saloon in the McVickar Theatre building and buys you an egg nog. "Drink this," he says. "It will put you on your feet until you reach home and can get dinner." It is only a glass of milk and egg and looks harmless. You get on the Madison street horse-car, and take a seat up front. There is straw on the floor to keep your feet warm. You promptly go to sleep. The car bumps across some tracks and you wake long enough to know your stop is only two blocks away. In getting off the car the straw tangles your feet and you seem to be falling over everyone. The sidewalk is not wide enough and, this being a new section, the planks are a foot or more above the ground. You walk in the road.



In these early Nineties no cash is needed to buy a printing outfit, just an agreement to pay a monthly instalment. You buy a Golding press, a typestand, a small stone and a few cases of Caslon and an English text. You are probably itching to play a little with printing. You do not find

time to do more than lay the type. A letter comes from your wife's sister in South Dakota. It states that a neighbor's son or brother, or some near relative, is in Chicago, that he is interested in art, and it asks will you look him up. He is a bookkeeper and cashier in a ground floor real estate office at the corner of Clark and Dearborn. His name is Fred Goudy. He wants to get into the printing business, in a small way. You tell him of your small outfit and that he can have it and the benefit of payments made if he will assume future instalments. He agrees.

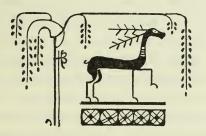
Your studio is now in the Monadnock building. It is the year of the World's Fair. You have an exhibit that has entitled you to a pass. Jim Corbett is in a show on the Midway. When he is not on the stage you can see him parading on the sidewalks. Buffalo Bill is appearing in a Wild West show. An edition of *Puck* is being printed in one of the exhibition buildings.

You design a cover for a Chicago and Alton Railroad folder. The drawing goes to Rand McNally for engraving and printing. Mr. Martin asks you to come and see him. His salary offer is flattering. But, aside from Bridwell's designs at Mathews Northrup's in Buffalo, railroad printing is in a long-established rut and void of imagination. You prefer free-lancing. Later Mr. Martin buys the K. & L. plant. Herbert Rogers, the former bookkeeper, establishes his own plant and you hope he will continue the K. & L. tradition.

You have moved out to Geneva, Ill., on the Fox river, and you are designing covers for *Harper's Weekly*, *Bazaar* and *Round Table*, posters for Stone and Kimball,

monthly covers for *Inland Printer*—probably the first monthly change of a cover *design* on any periodical, and full pages for the Sunday editions of a Chicago daily.

Will Davis, manager of the Columbia Theatre, has just built the Haymarket, out on west Madison at Halstead. You design and illustrate the opening night souvenir booklet. This you do for Mr. Kasten, of McClure's. Thus you meet Mr. Davis. He introduces you to Dan Frohman who commissions you to design a twenty-eight sheet stand for his brother, Charles, who is about to open the new Empire Theatre in New York. You design a poster for *The Masqueraders*, by Henry Arthur Jones. Dan suggests that you visit New York. You do, and meet Charles. Dan takes you to the Players for lunch. There you see show-bills set in Caslon. They influence all of your future work in the field of typography.



And now we are in the Gay Nineties, the mid Gay Nineties, when a haircloth sofa adorns every parlor and people see beauty in overdecoration, when our intelligentsia are reading Anthony Hope's *Prizoner of Zenda*, Stanley Weyman's *Gentlemen of France* and George McCutcheon's *Graustark*, when William Morris is print-

ing Chaucer, with illustrations by Burne-Jones, and Aubrey Beardsley is providing an ample excuse for the Yellow Book, when LeGallienne's Golden Girl is brought over here by John Lane and established in a bookshop on lower Fifth Ave., and Bliss Carmen is singing his songs of rare beauty, when the Fifth Avenue Hotel and the nearby Algonquin are flourishing Madison Square hostleries, when Stern's and McCreery are across the street from Putnam's and Eden Musee, and the modern skyscraper is only an architect's vague dream.

Into this glad era a young man steps off a Twenty-Third street horsecar. This young man, now an ambitious designer, printer, editor and publisher, is yourself.

At the age of five and twenty you are sporting the encouraging beginnings of a mustache, still too thin to permit of twirling at the tips. There is also the brave suggestion of a Vandyke. These embellishments are brown, as is also true of abundant and wavy hair of artistic and poetic length. Your waistcoat is buttoned high, and your soft, white collar is adorned with a five-inch-wide black cravat tied in a flowing blowknot. Your short jacket and tight-fitting pants quite possibly need pressing. A black derby and well polished shoes complete your distinguished appearance. Many scrubbings have failed to remove all traces of printing ink from beneath and at the base of your finger nails.

You are on your way to Scribner's. A few moments later we find you seated in a leather-upholstered chair in the editorial department of this famous publishing house. You are waiting patiently and hopefully while an editor

is penning a note of introduction to Richard Harding Davis, the popular writer of romantic fiction.

Now, the note safely bestowed in your breast pocket, the envelope showing above a liberal display of silk hand-kerchief and thus plainly in view of passing pedestrians who would doubtless be filled with envy did they but know its contents, you are crossing Madison Square Park on your way to one of the Twenties, where Mr. Davis has his lodging. You reach the house, walk up the steps and rap.

"Is Mr. Davis at home? Why . . . why you are Mr. Davis. I . . . I didn't recognize you at first. Seeing you portrayed in Mr. Gibson's illustrations to some of your romances—"

"And now seeing me in this bathrobe you naturally were a bit confused?"

"Yes, I was."

"I'm not at all surprised."

"Here, Mr. Davis, is a letter, I mean a note introducing me to you.

"How about coming inside while I read the note?"

"That's . . . that's what I was hoping you'd say, Mr. Davis."

A ND now our favorite romantic author is seated with one leg thrown over the corner of a table. "Of course. Of course," he exclaims, cordially, "I know your posters and your cover designs. And now you are starting a magazine and you would like one of my stories for your first number?"

"Yes, Mr. Davis. That is what I should like."

"Of course I'll write a story for you. I shall be happy to write a story; and I have one in mind that I think will be just the kind you will like for your new magazine."

"Well, Mr. Davis, that's something that's just about as wonderful as anything that could possibly happen to anybody. Only . . . only—"

"Only you are not really started and your magazine hasn't begun to earn an income, and so you are wondering—"

"Yes, Mr. Davis-"

"Well, lad," and now Mr. Davis has his arm about your shoulders. "Well, lad, just go home to your Wayside Press print-shop in Springfield and don't do any worrying about payment. Sometime when you are rich and feel like sending me something, why any amount you happen to send will be quite all right with me—and good luck go with you."

(At this point it should be stated that when a small check goes to Mr. Davis, with an apology for it being just the first instalment and that another check will go a month later, the return mail brings a pleasant letter of thanks and an acknowledgment of payment in full.)

And now, as you are recrossing Madison Square Park, your head so high in the clouds that not even the tips of your toes are touching the earth, all the birds in the neighborhood, including the sparrows, have gathered and are singing glad anthems of joy; and all the trees that an hour ago were just in green leaf are now billowed with beautiful flowers.

Well, that is that, and of course you are now sitting pretty. But presently we see you on a Fifth Avenus bus, returning from Fifty-Ninth street where, in a sumptuous Victorian apartment overlooking Central Park you have asked William Dean Howells for a story—and on this incident we will charitably draw the curtain.

Next on our agenda we find you with Mr. Alden, editor of *Harper's Monthly*. You are enjoying luncheon at the old Astor House. Mr. Alden is bestowing kindly encouragement that is accepted with avidity and advice that is too often forgotten. But, avoiding moralizing, we will now look in on you seated at a desk in a New York office building. Beside you at the desk is Mr. Robert Nelson, president of A. T. F. This is a most important moment. Your magic name is about to be printed on type labels and in trade advertising—and just yonder, at the cashier's desk, back of a separating grill, a check is being written which Mr. Nelson will soon sign.

NEARLY seventy-five years have passed since that day at the little brown schoolhouse in Lynn, more than seventy since you first saw that little girl with the cute pigtails—now seated nearby. Nearly seventy have slipped by since that first failure in arithmetic led to your becoming a printer's devil. It is more than fifty-five years since sparrows sang for you in blossoming Madison Square, since the A. T. F. and nine other foundries copied a panel of your lettering and called the product type. Your merry meanderings have known many a stumble—but when you fell down you always somehow managed to get up—a bit bruised, maybe, but not limping.

Yes, the world went very well then.

A pleasant thought on which to fade out.



Printed by Grant Dahlstrom
The Castle Press, Pasadena, California
for Fellow Typophiles,
Friends of the Press
and the Author.

300 copies printed on Maidstone and Fabriano Cover courtesy of Stevens-Nelson Paper Corporation

> Collotype portrait courtesy of Meriden Gravure Company

> > March 1949

A Supplement to

"Memories"

A record of The Wayside Press and Bradley-His Book, including a list of publications, writings, cover designs, posters, and items of printing produced by Will Bradley, 1895-1900, awaits his compiling and thus cannot be told at this time.

1900-1901

Designed format and typography for a Ladies' Home Journal editorial prospectus to be printed at Journal plant in Philadelphia. Used Oxford in a fifty pound trial font cast for him by Mr. Phinney at Dickinson Foundry, Boston. The face was designed and the original matrices were cut by Archibald Binny, of Binny & Ronaldson, Philadelphia, in 1796. B. & R. became MacKellar, Smiths & Jordan, who in turn merged with ATF in 1892. A specimen sheet of the five sizes was issued later and the face was offered for special-order casting.

Mr. Bok, the editor, visiting him in Cambridge and interested in his house decorations, commissioned the designing of a series of interiors. These, with many suggestions for furnishings, ran as full pages for eight months in *Ladies' Home Journal*. Later reproduced in color, full size of originals, and published as portfolio in Germany. Followed

by house designs that ran for another six months.

1902-1903

While recuperating from illness, built with own hands a seven room cottage in White Mountains. Following year built fourteen room house in Concord, Mass., using old style mortise-and-tenon construction, with timbers and

joists framed by himself and cut by carpenter on ground. Old fashioned house raising. Land purchased from Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, the Margaret Sidney of *Five Little Peppers*. Located in vineyard of Ephriam Bull, creator of Concord grape, and adjoining Nathaniel Hawthorne's Wayside and two doors from Orchard House, home of Louisa Alcott, author of *Little Women*.

Castle Perilous was written at this time. Later, with his

illustrations, it ran as a three-part serial in Colliers.

1904-1906

Designed covers and posters. Wrote Shards of the Silver Sword, praised by Robert Underwood Johnson but considered too archaic for publication in Century. Never submitted elsewhere. Asked by Mr. Robert W. Nelson to undertake an extensive advertising campaign for American Type Founders Company. Promised as many large Miehle presses as might be required. Promise was faithfully kept and two or three big mailings of specimen showings and a little magazine, American Chap-Book went out each month. Designed three type faces and much decorative material.

The child's story, *Peter Poodle, Toymaker to the King,* published as a book by Dodd, Mead, was written and illustrated at this time. His own specially designed type was

used for setting the text.

1907-1909

M. ROBERT COLLIER, of P. F. Collier & Son, commissioned a typographic makeup for *Colliers*. Before this was complete he, wb, took over Art Editorship. During this period color was introduced in a monthly issue called *Household* number.

1910-1914

O CCUPIED a studio on 45th floor Metropolitan Tower. Handled art editorship, all at practically the same time, of five magazines: Good Housekeeping, just acquired by Mr. Hearst, Metropolitan, Success, Pearson, National Post, a news weekly for which he created a special new format, in size the same as present news weeklies. Later

Century was added. For all of these magazines he took care of makeup. Also laid out one national advertising campaign, and went to Boston once a week to revise the typographic makeup of Christian Science Monitor—a beautiful and memorable experience and one of the rare occasions when an outsider had been asked to help. A series of stories, Tales of Noodleburg, started in 1906, was now finished. They appeared monthly for a year in St. Nicholas and were published by the Century Company as a book titled Wonderbox Stories.

1915-1917

Motion pictures had graduated from two reels into features. Mr. Hearst was making the serials, Patria and Beatrice Fairfax—having earlier, with Pathé, produced the successful Exploits of Elaine and Perils of Pauline. He suggested that wb assume Art Supervision. The pictures were being made at the Wharton studio in Ithaca. Irene Castle was the star of Patria. Warner Oland and Milton Sills were in the support. This proved to be a full-time job.

1918-1920

WROTE and directed pictures as an independent venture. Produced *Moongold*, a Pierrot pantomime. It was shot against black velvet, with properties but without sets. As a novelty, with special advertising, it was shown at the Criterion, in Times Square.

1921-1930

Returned to Mr. Hearst and devoted all of his time to art supervision of magazines and planning the typographic and pictorial publicity for motion pictures. His use of Caslon in a "free and lively" mixture of roman, italic, caps, small caps and lower case in large and small sizes, in the headings for Cosmopolitan, struck a new note in type display and attracted wide attention. These were the first of the large and distinctive headings that have now become universal. Color was at this time introduced into every opening of the text portion of Hearst's International. It was a pioneer undertaking at a time when old-line illustra-

tors lacked the training, and publishers lacked the color presses, enjoyed today. During this period he arranged and supervised the typographic layout of the first issue of the Mirror. Commissions were taken to artists in Paris and London, and his Spoils, a drama in free verse, was published in Hearst's International. Before his retirement in 1930 he made typographic layouts for the Delineator and the magazine sections of the Herald-Tribune—not the current publication known as This Week—and his novel, Launcelot and the Ladies was written. It was published by Harpers.

SIXTEEN or more years ago his portrait appeared in the Saturday Evening Post above the caption, Dean of American Designers. In Publishers' Weekly and other publications he has been named, Dean of American Art Editors. At a luncheon honoring his eightieth birthday a testimonial signed by members of the Typophiles, with the name of Bruce Rogers heading the list, he was designated Dean of American Typographers.

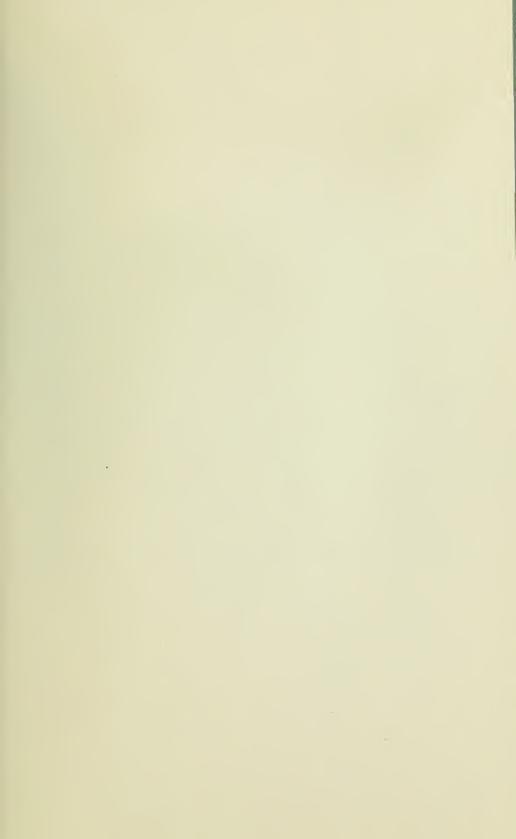
Since 1941 Mr. and Mrs. Bradley have been residents of

Southern California.

The Castle Press

is Pleased to have been Permitted to Present to The TYPOPHILES and Friends of the Press the First telling of "Memories, 1875 - 1895," also this Amplification of the Table of Dates previously recorded in the 80th Birthday Luncheon Souvenir.

Grant Dahlstrom, Pasadena, California. April, 1949.







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